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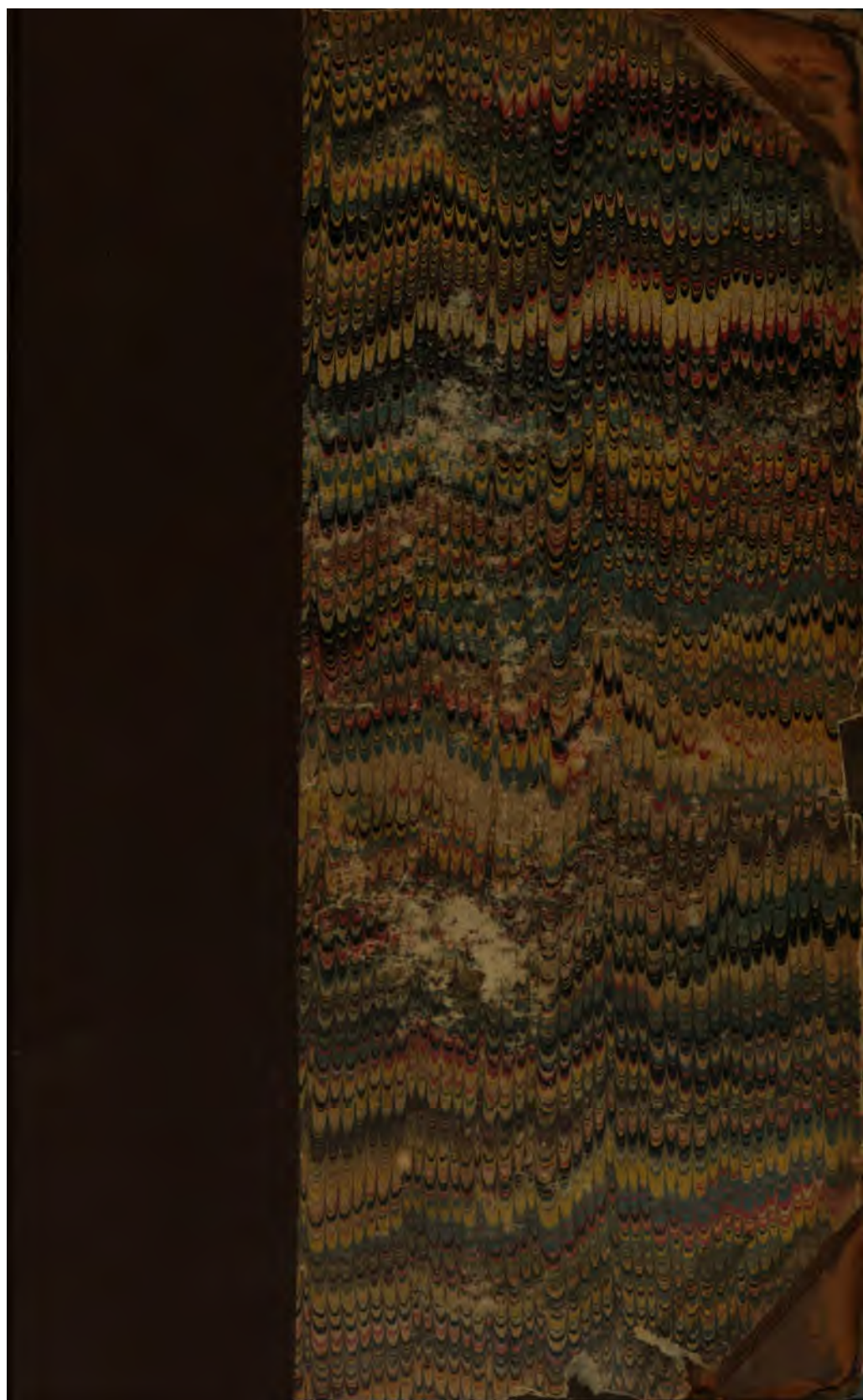
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BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

A Satire,
IN SIX PARTS.

ADDRESSED TO
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Γαυθήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέουντα νόησας.

ILIAD. VI.

LONDON:
JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIV.

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Shapleigh

BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

ἔc. ἔc.

Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵπποχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκρατῆς κάρυθος νέοντα νοήσας.

ILIAD. VI.

OH ! for that horn, whose magic tones of yore,
To eastern climes the champion Hugo* bore,

* It might seem unnecessary to all but Oxford readers to remind them that this allusion refers to Wieland's Oberon.

Whose blast, as round those pompous courts it ran,
 Convuls'd the features of each stiff Divan,
 Uprous'd the Cadi from his opiate desk,
 And made reluctant gravity grotesque !
 In pantomimic dance each proud Imaum
 Wriggled and reel'd before that wond'rous shawm,
 And chuckling shook the paunch of each vizir—
 Such paunch as swells 'neath many a cassock here.
 Oh ! that a hand like mine could wield again
 A Dighton's† pencil, or oh ! Boone‡, thy pen,

† Dighton, the celebrated caricaturist, was invited by an Oxford dignitary to meet several of the characters of the University at his house, that he might avail himself of the opportunity to sketch them.—The first production of his portfolio was no other than the figure of the insidious host himself.

‡ The Rev. James Shergold Boone, author of the *Oxford Spy*, whose vast talents have as yet met, alas ! no higher reward than the drudgery of the second Mastership of Charter-House School.

Which forc'd the smile from many a frowning eye,
 And made ev'n Golgotha† admire the Spy—
 Well-temper'd weapons, like Pelides' blade,
 Whose humour heal'd the wounds their sharpness
 made !

So might I range these classic halls at will,
 And sweep their cobwebs with my grey-goose
 quill ;

From end to end pass through th' infected town,
 From lewd St. Clements' to St. Thomas down,
 And make their two suburban saintships blush,
 Ev'n in their graves, beneath my feath'ry brush.
 So might I kindle once again those rays
 Which beam'd round Oxford in her brighter days,

† Golgotha is the name perhaps somewhat irreverently assumed
 by the Council of Heads of Houses in Oxford.

Purge the thick mud through which dull Charwell
rolls,

And light the darkness of obscure St. 'Olls. ‡

Yet is the filth so dense, 'twere vain to pass
Pieria's waters through th' Augæan mass :—
'Twere worse than vain that each Aonian maid
Should leave her bow'r, to wield the nightman's
spade,

Did not just now the shifting moonbeams dart
A ray of hope to guide the midnight cart ;
Were not the stern necessity so great
That asks improvement in this sinking state,
That through their tears these eyes some change
foresee,

Ev'n unreforming Wellington from thee.

‡ St. Olls is classically contracted from St. Aldate's.

Yes, hail ! great Hercules, none less than thou
 Could cleanse th' accumulated ordure now ;
 Bring pioneers the vast morass to drain,
 With pike and musket storm th' unyielding train ;
 Come with thy baton—plant thy guns of bronze,
 Field-marshal Chancellor—dragoon the Dons !
 Thrice hail great hero ! though thy dauntless front
 In camp or senate bears the battle's brunt,
 Unmov'd alike, whiche'er around thee play,
 Napoleon's batt'ries, or the fire of Grey ;
 Though such thy grasp, that as thy brow grows
 bare
 Fame with her bays has twin'd her olive there ;
 Though such thy name, no equal charm may suit
 To frighten Europe—or to puff a boot,
 Here is a task for all thy varied pow'rs,
 Thy promptest hand, thy most delib'rate hours ;

A harder field than that where Marmont fled—

A sturdier foe than those Masséna led—

A fence more strong than 'ere Reform-bill set :—

Oxford shall yield thy proudest triumph yet.

Speak but of change; see, must'ring masters form

In scarf and hood to face the coming storm,

Doctors and deans to convocation march,

Gleams the red robe, and rustles loud the starch :

See Balliol's chief in front like Ajax stand

Firm in the broad-hemm'd breast-plate of his

band ;

While from the ramparts round at many a gap

For burnish'd helmet peeps the trencher-cap.

Up proctors, up, the foe is on the town—

Flood the dank moat—gird on the velvet gown—

Hark! the proud war-cry of the Christ-church clan—

Pembroke and Queens send many a murky man—

And first class heroes gather in a row
 Huge piles of books to hurl them on the foe.
 Here Lexicographers and dull divines
 Crush with their pond'rous tomes th' advancing
 lines ;

There Müller's Dorians, and the rules of Dawes
 Whiz through the air, and crack th' invaders' jaws ;
 Greyson alone avoids the dang'rous sport,
 And fearing hides behind a pipe of port.*

Well may he fear ! Already all who think
 View their own choice with wonderment, and
 shrink ;

Shrink from their champion's iron-featur'd traits,
 Doubt while they court, and tremble as they praise.

* ——— Rhætum vigilantem et cuncta videntem,
 Sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat.

They fondly hop'd beneath his drowsy reign
 Each dear abuse unquestion'd to maintain ;
 Beneath the ægis of his wing to creep,
 And grunt in dull security to sleep.
 They fondly hop'd, untroubled as before,
 O'er many a fat plurality to snore,
 Each vice with sleek hypocrisy to hide,
 And figleaf sloth decorously with pride.
 Well may they start to see his eagle eye
 Watching to pounce upon their nest from high,
 To find their cunning fram'd its own rebuke,
 And caught a Tartar, when it sued the Duke.

Yes—deep and long shall Oxford soon repent
 She made her classic domes the soldier's tent,
 Though now with flow'rs his ent'ring steps she
 strews,
 Shouts in his path, and wakes the flatt'ring Muse.

So round the horse, they dragg'd themselves to Troy,
 Danc'd the mad youths and touch'd the rope with
 joy ;

Pregnant with arms its steely bowels rang,
 Yet Priam fell, although Cassandra sang.
 So into Paris, twice ten years ago,
 Deluded Frenchmen hail'd the foreign foe,
 Drank bitter physic with a gay grimace,
 And hymn'd the pæan of their own disgrace.
 So high the clarion's note—so long and loud
 Were cheers of despots echoed by the crowd,
 Their voices drown'd the clanking of the chain,
 And shouting freedom baded the Bourbon reign.

Such is poor Oxford's fate, whate'er the views
 Her toga'd warrior in his pow'r pursues ;
 By different routes on equal ills to fall,
 To suffer change ill-judged, or none at all :

To find his passive Grace, a mere King Log,
 Despis'd and spittled by each bloated frog,
 Or, if he wags his tail, not know to stop
 His bull-like progress round the china-shop :
 To see her pristine glories pass away
 By slow consumption, and a dull decay,
 Or else to perish, should he play the quack,
 With St. John-Long-like blisters on her back.
 For oh ! 'twere worse than none, to see reform
 Devis'd by ign'rance, and enforc'd by storm ;
 To see th' imperious Captain dare to wield
 His truncheon o'er this literary field,
 And marring all he cannot understand
 In *rank and file* review the Muses' band.
 'Twere worse to see the discipline of camps
 Quench the bright beam of Learning's classic
 lamps,

See Greek and Latin drill'd by pike and sword,
And guardsmen's hands arranging Bodley's hoard.

 In captive Warsaw drench'd with patriot blood
On plunder bent when fierce Suwarrow stood,
A fitting boon to send for Cath'rine's praise,
Zaluski's bookshelves lur'd the victor's gaze.
To fit the boxes, which they pack'd with zeal,
His Cossacks hew'd fair quartos with their steel,
To wrap rich bindings tore out titles whole,
And butcher'd Aldines, as they would a Pole:
Full many an old black-letter perish'd then—
Vellum and gilt stay'd not those impious men :
Full many a manuscript was made a wedge,
And sturdy folios dull'd the sabre's edge.
Yet thought that chief to favour Learning's cause
And only hugg'd her with a warrior's paws,
And 'mid the massacre stood by the while
Grim with a self-congratulating smile.

Oxford beware ! thy tears will come too late—
 The bear's embrace is deadly as his hate.
 Oh ! monstrous union !— could not Arms and Arts
 By sep'rate paths pursue their destin'd parts—
 Must the weak maid with fatal fondness bow,
 And play the harlot to incestuous vow ?
 Like Messalina in her charms decline
 With pleasures sated, yet inflam'd with wine :
 Could no soft passion tickle her dead ear,
 No suitor rouse her,—but a grenadier ?
 Art thou so fall'n, proud beauty ? was there none
 Of all thy race esteem'd a worthy son
 O'er thy decrepit dotage to preside,
 And veil thy wrinkles with a filial pride ?
 Not one thy care maternal to repay
 Now thy step totters, and thy hair is grey !—
 That thou wast forc'd in stranger ranks to seek
 A soldier champion for thy faded cheek,

To face the lists in panoply, and dare

The world to gainsay that thy form is fair ?

So Rome of old her realm's defence consign'd

To hireling bands, when native worth declin'd :

No more her Decii fought, her Scipios bled.—

What marvel, if the mercenaries fled,

If fierce barbarians snatch'd her pow'rless crown,

Chain'd her luxurious sons, and dash'd her temples

down !

Blush Isis, blush ! Thy waves be crimson

red !

Tear off thy reedy chaplet from thy head,

And murmur mournful music !—Those fair fanes,

So proudly mirror'd in thy crystal veins

Should bow their heads with grief.—For shame,

for shame,

Ye thankless children of the poor old dame,

Who taught you all you know,—that little all—
 And claims your gratitude to save her fall !
 From her you learnt supinely to rely
 On Custom's blind infallibility,
 And shut against Enquiry's vain attacks
 Your eyes with blinkers, and your ears with wax.
 From her you learnt most meekly to despise
 The freely pious, and the boldly wise,
 With Christain hands to wield Exclusion's rod,
 And call intolerance the love of God.
 From her you learnt within how small a line
 Man's understanding may its pow'rs confine :
 Profound in trifles, like the sage who broke
 The jetty team to draw the mimic yoke,
 To harness insects gave up time and ease,
 And liv'd and died—the Phaëton of fleas.
 She shew'd you how to brew the tepid punch
 In just proportions for the festive lunch ;

Of various tastes to equipoise the sum,
Not spare the lemon, yet not spoil the rum,
For the snug doze to reel to Chapel then,
And wake like clockwork at the last amen.
She shew'd you how, beneath the broken lamp,
To wrench the knocker from its widow'd cramp,
From Seckham's gate to coach the lofty car,
From Castle's store to choose the brown cigar,
With fluent phrase at luckless duns to swear,
And face collections with a brave despair.
Alas! with all these useful lessons taught,
With all these hotbeds for the growth of thought,
Such seeds implanted, is there none to shoot
A fost'ring shade to shield the parent root?
What none grown great or glorious? None whose
name
Might cast a splendour round such sacred claim?

No Grey or Holland with their minds' expanse—
 No Brougham's power, no Lansdowne's elegance ?
 'Tis strange—'twould seem that system must be
 wrong,

Which thrives so seldom with so vast a throng,
 And bad those farmers, who with all their toil,
 Have raised so little from so rich a soil.

Yet were there some, if bigot brows could
 smile

On Stanley's youth, or thee mature Carlisle,
 Whose genius struggling through the rubbish
 spread

By noxious culture on its infant head,
 Soars up to heaven, and bids its leaves expand
 In rich luxuriance o'er the smiling land.
 Such are not Oxford's choice—her charier charms
 Are nurs'd to pander to some Tory's arms ;

Or worse, she basely leaves each honour'd name,

Lur'd by the splendour of a phantom flame.

Pleas'd, like a school-girl at her Christmas

dance,

Should some red-coat to court her hand advance,

The heartless flirt forsakes her faithful Peel,

To waltz with scarlet and coquet with steel ;

Nor, though the spur should tear the muslin

dress,

Frowns on her partner, nor admires him less.

Then since the match is made—since Reason's

voice

Too late would seek to stay the wanton choice,—

(As vainly ever good papas would cope

With gay lieutenants, and their stairs of rope,)

Be ours the wiser task, to guide with care

The inexperience of the giddy pair,

To aid the taming of the wilful shrew,
 And shew what good the bridegroom's hints
 may do.

Be ours the task to lead Improvement's hand
 Through the wild garden of this o'ergrown land,
 To root from tares its long-neglected bow'rs,
 And make its desert laugh once more with
 flow'rs.

For I have lov'd thee, Oxford! and should
 weep

To see gaunt Ruin o'er thy portals creep,
 Where, as I soar'd with Pindar's burning ode,
 Or sighs on sad Antigone bestow'd,
 My midnight lamp I have so often dress'd,
 And heard the skylark hymn me to my rest;
 Or turning slow from such melodious strings,
 I scann'd the sterner page of men and things,

Drank the Stagyrte's ethic stream, and hung
 With fond respect on Mills's* gifted tongue.
 How often, as on summer eve I've stray'd,
 Deep in the bosom of some devious shade,
 Some trackless haunt, where gurgling waters gush,
 And the wind whispers to the quiv'ring rush,
 I've mus'd on themes, which rais'd the godlike men
 Of Rome or Athens to my eyes again,
 And let rapt Fancy steal my soul away
 To past creations from this dull to-day !
 Seen the old Pan—the Satyrs in his train
 People the copse, or dance upon the plain,
 And naked Naiads all unblushing lave
 Their zoneless glories in the moon-lit wave !

* The amiable and erudite Professor of Moral Philosophy,
 whose health we sincerely hope may be benefited by the voyage
 in he has been obliged to undertake to Madeira.

Then should some peeping wood-god chance to spy
The virgin quire with frolic-loving eye,
The startled Nymphs fled with unsandell'd feet,
Skimm'd through the winding paths, and sought
the green retreat.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

OXFORD IN 1834,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART THE SECOND.

THE INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM.

SECOND EDITION.

[Price One Shilling.]

The Third Part of this Work will be published in a few days,

THE DISCIPLINE AND MORALE;

and the Fourth and concluding Part as speedily as possible.

BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

A Satire.

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY ; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY ;

COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART II.

Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιωχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέουντα νόησας.

ILIAD. VI.

LONDON :

JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIV.

BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

&c. &c.

PART II.

“Et ideo ego adolescentulos existimo stultissimos fieri, quia nihil ex iis, quæ in uenâ habemus aut audiunt aut vident.”—PETRONIUS ARBITER, book i.

—◆—

KNOWLEDGE is power ; yet since its streams

conduce

By paths so various, to such different use,

Since man's most lengthen'd lifetime is so small

No single head may hope to compass all,

Wisdom herself consents from out the rest,
 To choose such parts, as give this pow'r the best.
 She sees outspread to tempt her eager eye
 Ancient and modern realms of science lie ;
 Both richly planted with prolific seeds,
 Yet chok'd with barrenness, and rank with weeds.
 In each she views calm Hist'ry's warning page
 Fraught with examples for the passing age ;
 In each Philosophy acutely blind,
 With learned ign'rance humbling proud mankind ;
 While still sweet Poesy, with gentler art,
 Wreaths her bright garlands round the feeling
 heart.

Both are alike her care ;—as Use impels
 She mixes waters from these chymic wells,
 Casts in one mould the ancient and the new,
 And grasps one whole with comprehensive view ;

The wider spreads her range, the more she blends
 Their close affinities and cognate ends,
 Compares, selects, discriminates, combines,
 Culls various flow'rs, and as she culls them, twines.
 In *Austin's* * page sees Tully write again,
 In Moore's sweet music hears Anacreon's strain,
 In Cleon's rant detects O'Connell's aims,
 And borrows laws from Tiber for the Thames.

Oh ! Oxford, Oxford, vainly still endow'd
 With wealth and ease to lift thee from the crowd,
 With opportunities too richly blest,
 Why with slow step still lag behind the rest?—

* The profound and excellent Professor of Jurisprudence at the London University, Lecturer at the Inner Temple, one of the Commissioners for the Reformation of the Criminal Code, Author of the Province of Jurisprudence determined, &c.—

This for the information of those Gentlemen who read Aristotle and not Jeremy Bentham.

When wilt thou cease, with all thy pompous plan,
 To waste on mummies, what was meant for man—
 With all thy learning when wilt thou decide
 That to be useful it must be applied ?
 Will no cup tempt thy lip, but that which stands
 Crack'd with old age, and worn by monkish hands ?
 Will no book please, unless begrim'd with dust,
 Worm-drill'd its boards, its clasps ingrain'd with
 rust ?

Is human life so long that there is time
 To waste whole years upon a ding-dong chime—
 Some book of metres, which would crutch in vain
 A crippled chorus on its feet again—
 Some tome on accents, crabbedly diffuse,
 To fix their places, tho' unknown their use ?

 Nor think, if words like these should sound
 severe

To the fine drum of some Porsonian ear,

Think not I therefore call that labour waste
 Which moulds expression, or which chastens taste,
 Or would in manhood gracelessly deride
 My youth's enjoyment, and my boyhood's pride ;—
 Far be from me the rage that would despoil
 The lamps of Learning of their Attic oil !
 Far be the modern Goth's unletter'd zeal,
 Who mocks the charms, he lacks the sense to
 feel !

But when I see the temple's priests essay
 To bar its gates against the beams of day,
 When in the same dull round I see them creep,
 Profoundly trifling, profitlessly deep,
 Treading the steps their sires before them trod,
 The past their heav'n, antiquity their God,
 Like mould'ring mammoths, who unmov'd have
 stood

Seal'd in some muddy cavern since the flood ;—

When I see those, who ought the lead to take,
 Strangling Improvement like a pois'nous snake,
 The grain rejecting, to be gorg'd with chaff;—
 Shade of Democritus! who would not laugh?

'Tis not, that Oxford's fame too proudly stands
 Weighed in the classic scale of other lands,
 Or that her sons research so far outstrips
 The toils of Tiersch, the lore of Hermann's lips;
 'Tis not, that mining through each weary page
 Of scribe Byzantine, or Platonic sage,
 Or near that fount where Niebuhr's bays are green,
 —Niebuhr, name dreaded in this sombre scene—
 She wears out youth in too laborious care,
 And with late watching thins the silver hair;
 'Tis, that one stagnant scum has crusted o'er
 The baleful waters of her Dead Sea shore,
 And old and young alike are rock'd to rest
 On the dull ripple of its lep'rous breast:

'Tis, that each modern page, each late advance,
 If not discourag'd, are consign'd to chance ;
 While with oblivion's draught each eye is dim,
 Cramp'd ev'ry nerve, and palsied every limb ;
 'Tis this that fires the verse, and pours along
 The full fast current of satiric song :
 'Tis this that crimson's shame's indignant cheek ;
 Too little modern, not too much antique ;
 With just arrangement there were place for both :
 Oxford ! the curse that kills thee is thy sloth !!

Lo ! on a pile of dusty folios thron'd,
 Her Janus brows with dogs-ear'd fools-cap
 crown'd,
 Fenc'd with a footstool, that no step should go
 Too rashly near, nor crush her gouty toe,
 Obese Tuition sits, and ever drips
 An inky slaver from her bloated lips !

Unwholesome vapours round her presence shed,
 Dim ev'ry eye, and muddle ev'ry head,
 Stunt the young shoots, which smil'd with promise
 once,

And breathe a deeper dulness on the dunce.
 Around their queen, array'd in gown and band
 A dusky crew, her servile vot'ries stand,
 Men who at morn and eve have never missed
 To plod the lecture, or to ply the whist ;
 With the shrill chant to pierce the chapel's gloom,
 Or shake with puns the sides of Common-Room.
 Here Euclid's teacher, as he fills his glass,
 Describes a circle for the port to pass ;
 Dinner the problem which he loves to work—
 His only instruments a knife and fork ;
 His text book, Ude, and all his brains divine
 Of conic sections—how to carve a pine.

There, round a table strew'd with whips and
 books,
 Pleas'd on his class the spurred preceptor looks,
 As word by word they swallow Livy's lies,*
 And murder Lucrece ten times 'ere she dies.
 His palfry waits—he coldly turns away
 From some wild speech, some warm impassioned
 play,
 And leaves the lines at which Aspasia glow'd,
 To trot till hall-time on a turnpike road.
 Oh ! profanation—Oh ! unheard disgrace :
 To put old Æschylus to use so base !

* Juvenal was merciful to his own countrymen, when he only talked about “ *quicquid Græcia audet in historiâ mendax*,”—but whatever may have been the Romans' own belief as to the early history of Rome, I doubt whether they would have ever equalled Oxford in the blindness of their faith.

Shame ! that not ev'n such altars may assuage
 The cold blasphemer's desecrating rage ;
 They outrage genius for their impious farce,
 And scan Olympiads, and Philippics parse.

Nor deem it strange, if only screech-owl notes
 Grate in harsh cadence from tutorial throats,
 If none but would-be birds of wisdom stay
 From garret-eaves to whoop their drowsy lay ;
 To nobler goals the loftier minds aspire,
 The mart, camp, bar, the senate, pulpit, lyre,
 Where active duties sterner laurels yield,
 And honour woos them to the world's wide field :
 The dross remains ; the gold soon quits the throng ;
 And Oxford's schools retained not *Whately** long.

* The Archbishop of Dublin, who had scarcely accepted the chair of Political Economy in Oxford, when he was obliged to vacate it to discharge the higher duties which he now fulfils so well. But why does he not go on publishing his interrupted lectures ?

And can such tutors, when they chance to meet,
Contain their conscious laughter in the street ?
Is this the way Britannia's noblest youth
Climb the proud portals of eternal truth ?
Is there such magic in those sounds M.A.
That for such end deluded mothers pray,
And cram their darlings ev'n from childhood's age
With jangling jargons till they loathe the page.
Yes ! this is all their sons are taught to do,
In school at six—the schools at twenty-two ;
Happy and proud, if, having passed that time,
They know at last a reason from a rhyme :
If having learnt Greek Trimeters to scan,
That first grand glory, for which God made man :
If having learnt in syllogistic nut
The shrivell'd kernel of their sense to shut,
With eyes submiss on moods and terms to look,
And rev'rence Aldrich next the sacred book :

If having learnt each chapter of their creed
 At others' nod unargued to concede,*
 And conscience stretch'd, or shorten'd of her toes,
 On Procrustean pillows to repose,
 They, by these means, their weary wits install,
 In some snug living to forget it all.

Genius of Locke ! oh ! if forgiving still
 Thou lov'st the land, which wrought thy spirit ill ;
 If thou look'st down, from out the starry choir,
 With Gibbon's ghost, and Shelley's soul of fire,

* It would perhaps be amusing to a stranger to hear how the ceremony of reading the thirty-nine articles, previously to being presented to a degree is performed. The Dean of the College invites the young man to breakfast—a couple of articles are read—then succeeds a *wadding* of cold meat—an interlayer of boiled eggs (if indeed the Dean be so munificent) divides the third and fourth ; the doctrine of Predestination requires to be swallowed down with a cup of tea, and the Dean reads the newspaper, while the candidate reads the remainder. Is this an indecent farce, or is it not ? If it is, why is it not discontinued ? Answer : because it is an old custom.

Both driv'n like thee to blaze their bold career
 Far from these halls—too bright to smoulder here ;
 How must thou mourn, to see man's nobler part
 Strapp'd like a racer in a dustman's cart,
 Trammel'd and bound in Custom's changeless
 school,

Absurd by system, frivolous by rule !
 How must thou weep, to see men's pow'rs divine
 Toil without fruits in learning's richest mine,
 The wheel still working, though unfed their wit,
 Starving of hunger, while they turn the spit !

Meanwhile, around on each plebeian height
 Bursts the full day, and streams the purple light ;
 An active swarm the midland counties pour,
 And Sheffield's tow'rs are veiled in smoke no more.
 See, Nature's scroll to Faraday unroll'd
 By surer alchemies than those of old,

And Smeaton's mantle spreading as it fell,
 Rest on the ampler shoulders of Brunel !
 See, education sweep from sea to sea
 To teach the poor, and make the people free ;
 Each loftier virtue, as their minds expand,
 Smiles in calm dignity to bless the land,
 Instruction's empire spreads its gifts to all,
 And tyrant Usage lets his sceptre fall.
 Ev'n now, where Oxford rears her moss-grown
 fanés,
 The rous'd mechanic scorns her pedant pains,
 Bids town and gown divided honours hold,
 And shares the muse, which lov'd the schools of old.
 O'er tow'r and hall the baneful ivy crawls,
 Yet flow'rs more fruitful bloom on humbler walls,
 On Bodley's shelves may wave the spider's webs,
 Yet infant labours grace despis'd St. Ebbe's.

Oxford alarm'd, beholds the coming scene,
 Guilt in her breast and terror in her mien;
 She sees Reform march on, and conscience stung,
 Hears her dirge mutter'd, and her death-knell rung;
 She knows not yet it makes its pride and joy
 To mend not mar, to strengthen not destroy,
 To fill the gaps, which time has worn away,
 To till the waste, and renovate decay.
 Hence all her whines of innocence, and pleas
 To prove her system harmless in its ease,
 As pois'nous reptiles, fearing to be hurt,
 Roll themselves up, and pass for lumps of dirt :
 Hence her vain hope with various arts to stop
 The torrent tumbling from the mountain top ;
 These zeal and talent to the stream oppose,
 The pride of indolent importance, those,
 In diff'rent ways the diff'rent forces pull,
 And Buckland's genius has for ballast Bull.

Oh ! vain defenders, if with gripe so strong
 You still would cling to all you grasp'd so long ;
 If 'tis indeed so sweet your own to call
 The rich endowment and the golden stall,
 Bend your proud shoulders, let your choler cool,
 Untutor'd tutors, go once more to school !
 Methinks 'twere well such trial to conduct,
 Where dons were catechised, and pluckers pluck'd ;
 The modern Athens sophist tribe to see
 Once more examined for a new degree,
 Gaisford and Sneyd each other's lecture seek,
 And one learn manners, and the other Greek.

The modern Athens— ! sure 'tis well to claim
 At least the poor pretension of a name,
 And shield awhile expiring learning's torch
 Beneath the shelter of the Grecian porch :
 Yet where, oh ! where is here th' inventive fire
 That rais'd the arts which fram'd the scenic choir—

The daring mind, that grasp'd the ethereal prize,
Rais'd men to gods, and climb'd the spangled skies—
All that ennobles man—the span of soul
Which links the universe in one vast whole—
All that applies philosophy to life—
The firm resolve that calms the passion's strife—
The practice moulded in the die of thought—
What Cato did—what Epictetus taught?
The youth who reeling from the banquet heard
Th' Athenian sage's monitory word,
Gave but one sigh for all that charm'd before,
One long, last sigh, which shew'd the links he tore,
Cast but one look on pleasure's tempting prize,
The sparkling joy-cup, and his Phryne's eyes,
Then dash'd the garland from his wine-wet hair,
Renounc'd them all, and stood a Stoic there—!
But here the herd of pompous pedants pace
With loosen'd girdles, yet ascetic face,

Grimace philosophy like apes and birds,
 Sages of signs, and Xenophons of words,
 With virtuous cant in reeking rosebuds bask,
 And Luxury's snout protrudes from Learning's
 mask.

Yet on one form, whose ear can ne'er refuse
 The muses tribute, for he lov'd the Muse,
 And when the soul the gen'rous virtues raise,
 A friendly Whig may chant a Tory's praise,
 Full many a fond, expectant eye is bent
 Where Newark's towers are mirror'd in the Trent.
 Perchance 'ere long to shine in senates first,
 If manhood echo what his youth rehears'd,
 Soon Gladstone's brows will bloom with greener
 bays,
 Then twine the chaplet of a minstrel's lays,
 Nor heed, while poring o'er each graver line,
 The far faint music of a lute like mine.

His was no head contentedly which press'd
 The downy pillow in obedient rest,
 Where lazy pilots, with their canvass furl'd,
 Set up the Gades of their mental world ;
 His was no tongue which meanly stoop'd to wear
 The guise of virtue, while his heart was bare,
 But all he thought through ev'ry action ran ;
 God's noblest work — I've known one honest
 man.

Oh ! is there only one ? Do no such ranks
 As grac'd Ilyssus lurk on Isis' banks,
 Wait but to see the barriers dash'd away,
 And pant impatient at the long delay ?
 Ev'n now, where Daubeny plies with modest skill
 The fine alembic, and the chymic still,
 See ardent crowds pursue the magic sport,
 Mix the bright dies, or charge the curv'd retort.

*More, had they guides, the starry spheres would
 mount,
 And drink high thoughts from heaven's empyreal
 fount ;

* I shall doubtless be told that there is already an Observatory and a Professor of Astronomy. I ask again, what is the use of either, unless the students are enabled to hear the one, and to use the other. Let a part of the Observatory be set apart—it is big enough—for the use of the pupils, and the Professor stand by and direct them, and the public will not have an additional cause to complain in seeing the advantages withheld from them which are actually within their reach. The lustre of Professor Wilson's name lends an eclat to the University by his splendid acquaintance with the Oriental languages—why are not other Professors appointed to descant on the literature of other tongues more necessary and more useful than Sanscrit? I would have Professors of German, Spanish, Italian, Danish, and Russian literature—as to Metaphysics they are altogether neglected in Oxford—even the Scotch schemes are not inculcated, even Condillac is thought too deep an inquirer to direct attention to—it is time to improve all this. Nor let any one be afraid to degrade the University's *dignity* by the introduction there of a practical school

The earth's wide-scatter'd brethren would connect,
 Their manners weighing with their dialect,
 Or scan man's moral attributes, and rise
 Through worlds ideal upwards to the skies.

or the Fine Arts. Nothing, on the contrary, would have a more salutary effect on all subjects connected with the Muses. If it is honourable for a gentleman in after-life to become a collector of paintings or of pieces of sculpture, may it not be of some advantage to him to learn in youth the principles on which to be guided in bestowing his patronage or his money? Would it not be likely to raise the standard of the Arts themselves in the country, if the young artists enjoyed the opportunity of mixing perpetually with others of their age more deeply imbued with the spirit of the Classics, that fount from which all draw their inspiration? Would not Sir Joshua Reynolds' Lectures, if read in an Oxford School, be thought worthy of the audience? and might not such a man as Shee give an elegance and a taste to his youthful hearers, which would continue with them through life? At the larger Germany Universities, as at Berlin and at Munich, it is customary to have such Professorships, and the same with regard to Architecture, which last might surely be studied with advantage enough in Oxford, for the student would be sur-

More would mute language to the canvass give,
 And with still motion make the marble live ;
 Would pore on Death, and as they guide the blade
 Confess how man is wonderfully made ;
 Would learn to rear the dome's colossal pride,
 Bend the wide arch, and span the subject tide,

rounded with specimens of every variety of date, beauty, and ugliness. —One word as to the state of Anatomy and Physic, as they are to be learnt at Oxford, and I have done with this long note. There are many endowed Professorships—two or three of them held by the same individual connected with the subject—yet it so happens, as the Lord Chancellor observed the other night to the House of Lords, that though Oxford so obstinately clings to the monopoly of conferring degrees in Medicine, it is the only University in the world where Medicine is never taught—I say nothing about Cambridge. Cambridge must look to herself also; but she is at least one step in advance of her sister. The same remarks that apply to Medicine apply equally to Law. As to their Politics, which, if they are not *taught*, are at least learnt there, I leave them with Sir Charles Wetherell till the next contested Election.

Or rule mankind, observe the passing hour,
And gain such knowledge, as indeed is pow'r.

For what the profit, though a man should
know

How Rome was ruled two thousand years ago,
What change of prices shook Suburra's trade,
What rate of interest sordid Novius made,
If England still the veil of mystery draws
O'er funds, finance, statistics, commerce, laws,
If while his footsteps round the Forum range,
A mighty magic stands the Stock Exchange?
Where were the good to see the past reveal'd,
If Europe's book be, like the Sybils', seal'd?
With nice research the Caudine Forks to trace,
While Russia plots unwatch'd the Turks disgrace?
To know what heroes at Saguntum bled,
While Napier's pages load the shelves unread?

With curious glance Sphactina's rocks to spy,
 While Navarino scarce attracts the eye ?
 To laud the brave who fought by Sunium's waves,
 Nor weep for Poland, tho' her sons be slaves ?

Oxford, awake ! The land hath borne too long
 The senseless jingling of thy drowsy song,
 Seen her fond youth of empty sounds the dupe,
 And truck'd their birthright for a drop of soup.
 Wake ! doating drone, or 'ere thy dream be done,
 Reform will snatch thee, as its car flies on,
 And through the miry path, with whirlwind wheels
 Drag thee along, like Hector, by the heels.
 The hum of men is up—strange voices now
 Rise from the loom, the anvil, and the plough—
 The warning trump hath echoed long and loud,
 Yet hear'st thou not, nor mark'st the gath'ring
 crowd.

Still, as the wing of soft oblivion throws
 Its silken shadow o'er thy deep repose,
 And while thy nostrils, like the Cyclops', snort
 The mingled fumes of prejudice and port,
 Years have flown by, and others watch have kept,
 With nimbler feet have speeded whilst thou slept.

So from some gaudy have I seen forlorn
 A luckless freshman to the Angel borne,
 And dreaming still of punch, and pipes, and gin,
 Dragg'd to the mail, and bundled senseless in :—
 Smack goes the whip—the horn's Tursenic sound
 Impels the horses, and the wheels run round :—
 He hears them not—but rapt in jovial vein
 Still snores and nods, and nods and snores
 again,

Till as the morning's rays begin to gleam,
 Chapels and lectures mingle in his dream :—

He rubs his eyes—he wakes—and still in doubt
For soda-water calls his tardy scout :—
—Then rous'd to Truth, he lets the window down,
And spells the mile-stone—Sixteen miles from
Town.

THE END OF PART THE SECOND.

OXFORD IN 1834,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART THE THIRD.

THE DISCIPLINE AND MORALE.

SECOND EDITION.

[Price One Shilling.]

BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

A Satire.

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY ; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY ;

COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART III.

Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέουντα νόησας.

ILIAD. VI.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :

JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIV.

BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

&c. &c.

PART III.

“ — ces risibles etablissements, qu' on appelle colleges.”

ROUSSEAU'S EMILE, b. i.

REGION of Ruin ! Land where duns and dons
With iron bowels, and the brows of bronze
Wink at extravagance, with fav'ring eyes,
And fan the madness, they too late chastise;

Cradle, round which, as round Alcmena's twins,
 Vice's gay serpents trail their slimy skins,
 Crush'd by the strong, yet ah! too often press'd
 By earth-born brothers to their weaker breast;
 Palace of Circe! where some spell transmutes
 Men's proper natures to their kindred brutes;
 Where tabby tutors o'er their turtle purr,
 And snarling pedants imitate the cur,
 Where long-ear'd doctors asininely bray,
 Or dull as dormice dream whole years away,
 Where portly Tories, fill'd with corn and wine,
 Forget their wisdom, and descend to swine,
 And carnal priests their rev'rend powers devote
 To shame the rabbit, and eclipse the stoat;
 A loftier theme demands my lash to-day,
 A strain more moral, and a sterner lay,
 The quarry towers—then let the falcon fly—
 Open the field, and boundless is the sky.

Syntax and Prosody ! ye awful powers,
 Whose jealous temple stands in Oxford's bowers,
 Who, when Montgom'ry dared approach your fanes,
 Rebuk'd the bard, and turned his addled brains,
 Still guide my verse ! yet not to-day I ask
 Your aid descriptive for the graphic task,
 Nor seek to paint how Shuttleworth may fawn
 With sighs aspirant for the sleeves of lawn ;
 Some future bard the hum'rous pen may stretch
 Devote to Momus o'er the mirthful sketch,
 And tell how Rowley loves the jovial cheer,
 And shews his wit far weaker than his beer ;
 Some future lyre may sing how brandy sheds
 Its night-cap fumes o'er Heads of Houses' heads,
 How proud the proctors, and how prim the pros,*
 What little men achieve the greatest goes ;

* A "Pro" is a Pro-proctor, and a "little-go" and "great-go"
 signify the first and second examinations.

Some happier minstrel may with skill dissect
 The toils of preachers, falsely called “ select,”
 Or tell how Winter* whines in Maw-worm mood,
 And bitter physic gives for wholesome food:—
 Not such my theme, though these might also claim
 The chastening verse to tinge their cheeks with
 shame,

But loftier arrows to my string belong,
 And 'tis the subject elevates the song.

Yet where begin, when faults and follies rise
 In shapes so various to my wond'ring eyes?
 Where hoary heads with prudent vices shun
 The fair exposure of the tell-tale sun,

* The last sermon I heard from Dr. Winter, Principal of St. John's College, was directed against the unchristian spirit of emulation in the pursuit of study. The learned Divine need not be afraid.—At present a most amicable understanding prevails upon that head.

Or beardless youths, converting night to day,
 Rattle the dice, and tempt the fate-fraught play?
 'Tis sev'n's the main—the stripling caster smiles
 As from the board he sweeps the glitt'ring piles:—
 For this he seeks the midnight club by stealth,
 And with late watching mines his wasted health,
 For this he dares, while bribed policemen snore,
 To wrench the staunchion, or to thumb the door,
 While porters* feign to slumber, twists the screw,
 Scales the spiked wall, or files the staple through;
 Quits ev'n the passions, which hot youth engage,
 Pleased to anticipate the faults of age,
 And beauty's less exciting cup foregoes
 To gulp the draught, which poisons as it flows.

Hark forward, hark ! a manlier sport invites
 Horse, hound, and huntsman to its fierce delights ;

* “ *Doctus resupino stertere naso.*”—JUVENAL.

The pace is clipping, yet I scorn to shrink;
 To-day I mount my Pegasus in pink,
 Full many a student cheers the falt'ring pack,
 Whose purse is empty—yet he hires his hack—
 So that he first may speed o'er heath and hill,
 The devil may take the hindmost—and the bill.
 Full many a youth, whose cheek turns pale to look
 On shunn'd Castalia, clears the wintry brook,
 And though Parnassus makes his courage quail,
 Braves the broad horrors of the post and rail,
 Then home returning, o'er the festive board,
 Where witless songs of ribaldry are roar'd,
 He stuns the ears of wond'ring freshmen well
 With moving accidents of flood and fell,
 Or joins the chaunt, and warms the Phallic strain
 With spurious bumpers of unpaid champagne.
 His courage rising as the liquor flows,
 He boasts each art, and ev'ry science knows;

Not **themes** which lift the soul to deeds of praise,
 But worse than trifles animate the **phrase** ;
 No gun like his through Wytham's covers rang,
 No dog like his can face the badger's fang,
 None won but he the Woodstock glover's smile,
 None bilk'd the turnpike in such topping style ;
 Or like Sir Oracle he next begins
 To vaunt of vintages, and boast of bins,
 Or dictate fashions, and his judgment waste,
 Deceived at once in toilet, and in taste :
 His Maraschino melts the critic's throat,
 Nujée exhausted art to frame his coat :
 His Chateau Margot ravish'd Carbonell,
 Jupp shaped that hat, where all the graces dwell ;
 Yet still in vain he boasts the poor pretence,
 And grasping fashion, only gains expense ;
 In vain he sees his tradesmen's bills expand
 In fearful length from Bond Street to the Strand,

While yet no gold can buy the art to wear
 The costly gewgaws with a Brummel's air,
 While Hoby's boots for him refuse to shine,
 As if his scout had black'd them with port wine,
 And doomed of fortune to be twice the sport,
 He swallows blacking, tho' he's dunn'd for port.

But jests be mute ; methinks such scenes
 provoke

The tear of sorrow, rather than the joke ;
 Methinks 'tis sad to see the Giant Debt
 Sweep thoughtless thousands to its deadly net,
 And hardened vice's leprosy encase
 The fair smooth promise of the youthful face !
 In these a false ambition to be first
 'Mong good or bad, still makes them best or
 worst ;

In these the fears of ridicule o'erwhelm
 The Palinurus conscience at the helm ;

These weaker still example's power deplore,
 And drink contagion at each open pore.
 In all 'tis Leisure feeds the passion's growth,
 And Vice awakes upon the lap of Sloth.

Then give to Labour both the night and day,
 For rosy pinions waft the hours away,
 And the worn man will vainly weep their
 flight

Debauched in pleasure and each low delight.
 Let modish youths renounce the midnight oil,
 And shrink exhausted from ennobling toil ;
 Let titled spendthrifts needlessly disguise
 Their known excesses from averted eyes,
 And boast the easy triumph to deceive
 The proctor, laughing in his velvet sleeve ;
 Not such the rules which Plato gave his state,
 When virtue flourished, and when Greece was
 great ;

Not such the dread of toil, which could convince
 The sage* whose care enlighten'd Parma's prince;
 Not such the views that fired their sires of old
 Whose glorious deeds were cast in sterner mould;
 Ere modern babies walk without their strings,
 Pope earn'd a wreath, which mocks the crowns
 of kings,

And Pitt was premier, ere such slugs are free
 From the slow trammels of their first degree.

What! still the treadmill? Ev'n the studious
 few,

Still classing verbs, still ranging grammars thro',
 The wheel revolving o'er and o'er again,
 Ainsworth, Schrevelius, alike in vain,

* Vide Condillac's Cours d'étude pour l'éducation du Prince de
 Parma. A comprehensive scheme which may well astonish the
 minds of the most industrious students of Oxford.—οἱοὶ γυν
 βροτοὶ εἰσι.—

Pacing the same stale circle's tedious round,
 At school and college—tho' no corn is ground—
 For ever climbing, never meant to rise,
 For ever learning, never to be wise?
 Still in the land of bondage? Bade by law
 To furnish bricks, though Pharaohs stint the
 straw?

Idly expected to be rich with fruits,
 While dung and water are denied the roots?
 —No wonder sloth abounds, when only themes
 Devoid of int'rest break the sluggard's dreams:
 No wonder patients doze, when doctors take
 Such lulling means their lethargy to wake:
 No wonder pupils nod when bats themselves
 Roost 'mong the quartos on the tutors' shelves:
 No wonder Vice o'er youth its meshes spreads,
 When vine-leaves form the crown for provosts'
 heads.

Where tyrants rule, 'twere fitting to amuse*
 Young minds too bent on freedom in the stews,
 To give such bias to their passions spring,
 And waste on Lais, what might wound a king ;

* In Catherine's time—at present no such gentle remedies are resorted to—when any of the enslaved Poles shewed symptoms of effecting their independence, they were invited to Petersburg, and kept in a constant whirl of dissipation and debauchery, to divert them from thoughts of their lost liberty. At Paris it is *asserted*, and at Vienna it is *believed*, that the imprudencies of the unhappy Duc de Reichstadt, which were fatal to his constitution, were encouraged and promoted by wily instruments of Government, in order to let off by such a safety-valve a spirit which might otherwise have become formidable from reminiscences of his father. We are far from accusing the wise men of Oxford of being so far aware of the effects of their own conduct, as to deserve, in its literal application, the reproach of being such political panders—but we counsel them to avoid the possibility of such a design being imputed to them, by promoting, instead of repressing, the spirit of inquiry, and repressing, instead of countenancing, by their example, the spirit of indulgence.

But here 'tis time, where no such despots reign,
 To burst, tho' hid with flowers, the iron chain ;
 To raise to youth the veil that shades their view,
 To spread their minds, and shape their morals too ;
 To fit to life each philosophic plan,
 And teaching wisdom, moralize the man.

What, though perchance too gaily once I
 chased

Joy's painted plumage o'er the flow'ry waste,
 With reeling step the fields of Riot trod,
 Nor feared the fiat of a proctor's nod ;
 What tho' home speeding, and redeemed by night
 Each squandered moment of my day-dream's
 flight,

From Harriet Wilson's turned to Paley's page ;
 Nor tho' I seemed the sinner scorned the sage.—
 Vain were such watch, unless with sterner view
 My practice dared to prove the precept true ;

Unless each act conviction's image caught,
And thinking right, I grew to all I thought !

But let that pass—it boots not now to cast
One thought of joy or sorrow on the past ;
Whether at Edmund Hall with decent glee
I sipp'd the brew of Doddridge and bohea,
Or led the Braz'n-nose rouse,* and stole a glimpse
Of hell's own orgies, and its roaring imps,
It little boots to mourn such vain career,
Still less 'twould move the incurious world to
hear ;

More towering hawks our shafts satiric claim ;
The mark is broad—it needs no Tell to aim.

There, stripling peers, whose noble blood
disdains

The mud that stagnates in plebeian veins,

* “ He drinks his *rouse*.”—HAMLET.

Though many a stallion at the Yorkshire fairs
 Can boast a longer pedigree than theirs,
 See servile tutors fearful to dispraise,
 And dare a broader latitude of ways ;
 Teach* awe-struck scouts with wonder to behold
 The cap surmounted with the threads of gold,

* It is surely ill-judged to give a different dress to noblemen, and what are called *gentlemen-commoners*, and to teach them to rely upon external distinctions, which are not accorded them afterwards in the world. At Christ Church the Masters of Arts and other dignitaries of the College, who are not in general too remarkable for their humility, give up their proper place at the dais or high-table for the accommodation of the noblemen, and modestly take the lower room in the hall.—What *can* be the reason?—Noblemen also enjoy a much more enviable privilege at Oxford than the above trifles—they are allowed to take their degrees a year sooner than other men.—Why is this? Is it that noblemen are so much cleverer than the rest of the world, that a less time suffices, or is it of more importance to them than to other men to get away

Dine at the dais in a Sefton's style,
 And* know their Alma Mater by her smile.
 Around such suns, fit planets in their train,
 The spawn of merchant-monarchs of Mark Lane,
 Scorning their vulgar sires, whose pen-worn ears
 Ne'er heard such music from the lips of peers,
 Echo each phrase, in smiles and flattery drest,
 And with forced laugh applaud the smutty jest.
 The peer is poor—no matter—they can lend—
 Such cost were small to call his Lordship friend ;

from Oxford drudgery, and give their time to more *useful* pursuits?
 Which self-condemnatory reason is the one commonly given in
 Oxford.—It would be well to save many men a wasted year, by
 extending this privilege. If the shorter period is enough for noble-
 men, it is enough for other men ; if it is not enough for other men,
 it is not enough for noblemen.

* “ Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.”

Their bows are slighted, and their hand rebuff'd—
N' importe—such jokes are witty in a *tuft*.*
 Think not they came in Oxford's shades to seek
 The love of learning, or the grace of Greek :
 Accuse not them, too innocently dull,
 Of harb'ring knowledge in their cocoa skull ;
 They read no annals but the herald's shield ;
 They scan no study but the azure field :
 Their country's patriots for its peers forget,
 And leaving Smollett, only read Debrett.

But mark yon freshman's gait, whose cheek
 demure

Reflects a heart in guileless virtues pure ;
 Who ne'er initiative lessons took
 From Harrow's primer, or chaste Eton's book ;

* A *tuft*—another word in the Oxford vocabulary, though not
 in the Slang Dictionary.

See him up High Street steal with downcast lid,
 And mould his mien as juggling tutors bid.
 Yet will one single Term suffice to chase
 That Moses Primrose candour from his face,
 To teach him first through each excess to rush,
 And put ev'n Tom and Jerry to the blush.
 Unshrinking now he courts the strumpet's eye,
 And drinks corruption from her tainted sigh,
 And casts God's gift, with heaven's own dew
 divine,
 His first best love, to deck a dæmon's shrine.
 No smuggler now, he boasts the varmint feat,
 And beards th' astonish'd proctor in the street;—
 An imposition stops his hect'ring way—
 He laughs—his barber* writes it—he can pay,

* This process is called getting an imposition "barbarized,"
 but it is not confined to impositions. Essays, declamations, transla-

x will not;— it is a well known fact that the servitors
 serve this man with impositions wholesale,
 and ^{that} they are retailed by him to any unfortunate
 wights who may be captured after dark in
 leaver.

Or if he cannot pay, his skull were thick,
 Who lacking money, knows not how to tick.
 Debt after debt, he builds his ill renown
 The pest and Nomentanus of the town,
 And in six weeks in wild profusion pours
 Six twelvemonths' savings on his hounds and
 whores.

Meanwhile his grey-haired sire, who hoards
 with pains
 Each hard earned portion of his thrifty gains,
 Tending remote some peaceful hamlet's soil,
 Whose rural virtues crown his pastoral toil,
 Kneels nightly down, to ask his God in prayer
 For grace, and blessings on his spendthrift heir—

tions, analyses of sermons, all are *barbarized*, at a charge of from
 ten shillings to several pounds. Olivier le Dain was nothing, in
 point of talent, to an Oxford Figaro. *It is a Irish*
compliment to the tutors in
Oxford to tell them that their
scholars are mostly obliged to
have recourse to the barber; &
that the barber himself translates *had*
the Greek & Latin inscriptions that he

“ My boy,” he cries; when up the long watched
street,

The tardy postman brings the half-filled sheet,

“ My boy was right to give to Learning’s store

His every hour—he could not write me more :

He asks for money, ’tis to buy more books —

I’ll sell the poney—never mind my looks—

To save the sum, six extra months I’ll wear

My coat—this hat will last another year—

’Twill give him means for fame—he’ll win the
prize”—

—And tears of joy bedew the old man’s eyes.

Yet think not always, though so lulled to rest,
That conscience slumbers in the stripling’s breast,
Or that though fools applaud, no thought he lends
To the cold glances of more solid friends ;
Think not, though hard, his bosom bears unriven
The look in sorrow more than anger given.

By you, good Duncans, or by thee Macbride,
 Whose smile outweighs a flattering world beside—
 —Ah ! heavy load ! with shame and sorrow borne,
 From those we love to meet the glance of scorn,
 To feel the ties, most clung to, torn away,
 And good men's friendship waning to decay.
 'Tis not the idiot scoff, the paltry pride
 Of those whom, though derided, we deride :
 'Tis not the sneer of worldlings we condemn
 That moves our anguish—for we loved not them—
 But 'tis the cold repulse—the distant gaze,
 That cuts more keenly than the steel which slays,
 When they too fail us, whom we loved to trust,
 And self-reproaches speak their judgment just.

On to the charge ! I scorn such themes as
 these—

I fight with dons, and battle with D. D.'s ;

A nobler game my soaring wing pursues,
 —These undergraduates tire my donnish Muse.
 She turns where social fellowships invite
 With whist and negus to the jovial night,
 Or guttling gossips pick their bones at ease,
 And swallow scandal with their bread and cheese.
 See! where their groaning cossack scarce contains
 Their 'hill of flesh,' their hemisphere of veins,
 In wheezy voice, and flatulential gust,
 With lies obscene they titillate their lust.
 Gluttons in slander, adders to defame,
 In festive synod o'er some tale of shame,
 See how they lick their sav'ry chops, nor fail
 To leer and chuckle at each gross detail;
 See how their eye in sensual rapture gloats,
 Their power the wedder's, and their wish the
 goat's.

Hear it, oh! England—These are they who
draw

Their monstrous stipends for their greedy maw,
With useless pomp on warped endowments thrive,
And, worse than drones, contaminate the hive.
These are the herds, who, paid for pleasure, lie
Sunning their hides in Epicurus' sty,
While cold neglect, or stern oppression drown
Each brighter jewel of thy tarnish'd crown;
While Godwin pines in all but virtue poor,
And pale-eyed Famine prowls by Banim's door,
And Hazlitt died, with scarce one friend to bless
His parting spirit in its wretchedness.
Stretch'd on a couch of straw, with feeble hand,
Tracing, as vainly as if graved on sand,
His dying prayer to beg some crumbs of bread
From those his wit had charmed, his learning led,

He of the feeling heart, and thinking mind—
 Heir to the world's cold charities—reclined.
 The sparkling humour with which seemed to shine
 The chrystal clearness of each pointed line,
 The happy art to illustrate, which threw
 O'er Shakspeare's paintings yet a livelier hue,
 The shrewd remark, the pathos of his pen,
 The mighty knowledge of the minds of men—
 What were they now?—Their hand and purse
 denied,
 Christians made merit of their Pagan pride,
 And harsher accents round his death-bed fell,
 Socinian, heathen, atheist, infidel!
 'Twas Jeffry's heart which only knew to feel
 For kindred genius in its wild appeal—
 Alas! too late the succour came to save—
 His ghost in heav'n yet blessed the hand that gave.

Oh! that my head were waters, and mine
eyes

A fount of sorrows gushing to the skies,
To mourn for men's iniquities, and steep
Their crimes of crimson in the tears I weep!
Oh! that one hour before my life drains dry
Man's bitter cup,—to suffer and to die,—
I yet might see Opinion's discord cease,
And Persecution kiss the feet of Peace;
See ev'n on earth one heav'nly impulse live,
And men who sin, the sins of men forgive;
Ev'n though their guilt this beauteous world infest
And in God's garden build their scorpion's nest;
Ev'n though the tint of Hell's own shadow dies
The pitchy blackness of their villanies;
Yet is one lesson taught to all by time—
To pity error, and to weep for crime—

To wipe the tear from Pain's afflicted cheek,
To mourn the wicked, and to aid the weak,
To draw sweet waters even from Sorrow's cell,
And use the vale of Misery for a well.

END OF PART III.

OXFORD IN 1834,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART THE FOURTH.

A SIMPLE TALE OF SEDUCTION.

SECOND EDITION.

[Price One Shilling.]

LITERARY NOTICES

or

PARTS I. AND II.

or

BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

&c. &c.

"This is a very lively satire upon the tenacity of the cloistered partizans of old times at the University of Oxford, who see in every little improvement that is proposed, nothing but the overthrow of the institution itself. * * * But indiscriminate censure is not passed on Oxford, and amongst the rising youth who promise to become an honour, is Gladstone, whose residence is 'where Newark's towers are mirrored in the Trent,' is the object to which expectant eyes are bent * *."—*Monthly Review*, June 1.

"This sweetly versified satire is as good in the second, as it was in the first course. It is a highly-seasoned dish, the ingredients of which are both acid and biting. It is hardly generous to hurl such well-pointed shafts against the decrepit old lady; but as there are still thousands who are firm in their faith in her beauty, vigour, and utility, let them rally round her, and defend her if they can. They have a truculent assailant."—*Metropolitan Magazine*, June 1.

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OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

ADDRESSED TO

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CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY ; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY ;

COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART IV.

Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιωχαίτην,
Δαινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέοντα νόησας.

ILIAD. VI.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :

JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIV.



BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

ἔc. ἔc.

PART IV.

*Ὁκτεῖρα δὴ μάλιστα προσβλήσας, ὅτι
Τὸ κάλλος αὐτῆς τὸν βίον διώλεσε.*

SOPH. TRACHINIE. 465.

I HEARD a tale, which seemed not all a tale,
Sigh'd in the breathings of the sad south gale,
At hour of sunset, when the spectral host
Of joys departed rise to Mem'ry most,

Flitting like spirits in their gaunt unrest
 To wave the warning hand, and mock th' illuded
 breast.

I saw a ruin crumbling in the shade ;
 O'er tower and keep the chastening ivy strayed,
 Winding its verdure round each hoary stone,
 Like Faith, which after earthly hopes are gone,
 To those who mourn its cheering bloom, imparts
 And twines its freshness round their broken hearts.

But who is he, that haunts with measur'd tread
 The temple, Time has chartered to the dead ?
 Why comes the man of sorrows to beguile
 His load of anguish by yon ivied pile,
 As though he loved the plant, whose tendrils twine
 Round the grey porch and clasp the rifted shrine,
 More than the flaunting throng, whose race is run
 In the gay mead, beneath a summer sun ?

Haply, he broods on youth, and mourns to find

Those verdant ruins symbols of his mind :

While dance and song and festival were there

The wall was seamless, but the arch was bare,

And no green garland hung its chaste festoon

To shield the kisses of the am'rous moon.

His brow, too, once was furrowless and young,

His heart was barren while he danced and

sung,

And not till pain had bow'd the stallworth limb

Had meek Religion wreathed her flowers on him.

Or, haply, Love abused, despised, unfelt,

Whose touch had dazzled though too cold to melt,

Flares from the grave, and spreads, ah ! now too late,

Its glare sepulchral o'er his page of Fate.—

Whate'er his thoughts, there seems some kindling

power,

Or magic influence in this sunset hour,

Which fix on nothingness his vacant eye,
 And point remembrance to the days gone by :
 But if their tales be true, who thus unfold
 The mournful legends of those hours of old,
 'Twould seem no marvel, that his sorrows rise
 In swelling waters, and repentant sighs.
 Light be the hand, which suffering's veil withdraws :
 Sacred are tears, howe'er accurst their cause.

The sun's last rays their smile o'er Islip threw ;
 From its thatched roofs the wreaths of smoke were
 few,
 And the still hamlet breathed that pure repose
 Toil only earns, and Innocence bestows.
 Hushed was the ale-house : for ev'n Mirth had
 spent
 Its frugal wages and retired content.

The weary ploughboy wove his humble dream
 In drowsy murmurs o'er his sluggish team ;
 Or in glad visions drained the nutbrown keg,
 Climbed the tall elm, or strung the speckled egg.
 —And one there was, whose slumbering fancy
 drew

A fair girl's portrait, fair, but oh ! how true !
 True ev'n in sleep ;—for how could William's eyes
 Forget his earthly Dian of the skies ?
 That step so light, it scarcely seemed to glance
 O'er the frail daises in its swift advance,—
 That look so soft, that where it lanced its wiles
 Even wrath was soothed, and sternness thawed to
 smiles,—

How cease to paint, with more than limner's skill,
 Those radiant charms, which Hope clasped nearer
 still,

Since that sweet hour, when 'neath the Maythorn's
bough,

She and God only heard his rapt'rous vow ?

He loved.—Alas ! that still so few may drain

The nect'rous draught their lips have touched in
vain !

That heaven's own torch, like earth's phosphoric
ray,

Shines but to dupe, and flatters to betray !

'Twas a soft eve ; the hayfield's fragrance stole

In gales voluptuous o'er the melted soul ;—

From heav'n the moon pour'd down her silver
light ;—

On Charwell's breast her beams were mirrored
bright ;—

And the grey willows frowned in stern relief,

'Mid calm and splendour, like the ghosts of grief,—

That grief of youth, which after life pervades,
 And blots its lustre with remembered shades.
 Fixed in mute gaze beside that glittering flood,
 With beating breast a form of beauty stood :
 All loosely flowed, in wild disorder blown,
 Her wandering tresses down her sylph-like zone ;
 Nor looked she, bending o'er its reedy side,
 Less than the Naiad of that beauteous tide.
 But hark ! he comes—the dipping oars avow
 His skiff's approach—he comes—the loved one—
 now !

Her blood flows thick—he speeds—he springs to
 land,—

He girds her waist—he clasps her yielding hand,—
 The breath of passion burns upon her cheek,
 And her pulse thrills to hear the tempter speak.

“ To-night ! to-night ! oh ! let it be to-night !
 Here where I clasp thee, crown the dear delight.—

Smile but one smile, oh! speak but one short word,
And spare the sickness of such hope deferred!

That pensive tear begins to half relent :

Yes—thus I'll kiss thy silence to consent,

And with embraces, as I loose thy vest,

Hide the warm charms which blush to be confess'd—

We'll fling thy mantle where yon woodbines

wreathe,

Mingling our bride-bed with the scents they

breathe,

And sob to silence like the languid air,

Which falters drunk with too much sweetness

there.

This spot—this instant—let it be to-night !

The earth is hushed—the lamps of heaven are

bright,

And seem to say, poor mortal fools recline,

And make at least one hour of life divine.

The fairy sentinels, safe watch to keep,
 From many a lily's nect'rous cell shall peep,
 And the bell-blossoms of the foxglove near
 Ring out our marriage peal in Nature's ear.
 Think not of home ;—dispel the timid thought ;
 Why with thy lover canst thou fear for aught ?
 Oh ! grant the boon for which I madly burn,—
 Nay, give it love, then hasten thy return.
 The future, sayest thou ? sure 'tis best to drink
 The elixir sparkling ere its bubbles sink :
 Too soon this hour will wing its envious flight—
 To-night—to-night—ah ! let it be to-night !—”

Too well the cold betrayer knew to press
 The yielding moment with expert finesse :
 Too well he knew to watch the varying cheek,
 To snare the guiltless, and subdue the weak.
 —The stars were bride-maids to that guilty pair,—
 The bird of darkness hymned their loves in air,

The heaven hung o'er them with its arch of blue,
 And flowers of evening brimm'd their cups of
 dew ;—

The soft stream murmured, lullingly awake,—
 The glow-worm lit her love-lamp in the brake.
 All told of joy and peace ;—and yet to one,
 Hope, honour, virtue set with that day's sun.

To Oxford's spires obedient to the oar
 The barque flew lightly on her course once more ;
 And as its sounds in distance died away,
 They mixed with singing, and the song was gay.
 Heavens ! how her heart turned sick to hear that
 song !

Could one who changed so soon be constant long ?
 Had she, indeed, her peace her honour sold
 For specious words, and Mammon's bribes of gold ?
 Had she believed too well that outward guise,
 Whose sweet illusions seemed too true for lies ?

Tones that seemed music as his boat drew near,
 Now like a death-dirge smote her lonely ear,
 And as she listened in half-conscious dream
 To the far echoes on the rippling stream,
 A death chill o'er her waning spirits crept,
 And her heart turned to William—and she wept.

* * * * *

How changed the scene !—within a chamber's
 shade,
 Whose draggled tawdry speaks its inmates' trade,
 Where the plumed bonnet, and the flaunting shawl
 On wooden peg contrast the mortared wall,
 Striving her feelings' vortex to control
 With all Medea's agony of soul,
 Longing to save, yet settled to destroy,
 A frantic mother tends her new-born boy.

“Child of disgrace!” she cries, “ah! where-
fore grow,

To bear the taunts thy mother’s fault should know,

To meet tho’ innocent the world’s cold scorn,

To curse thy sire and me that thou wast born?

Why must thy little heart grow hard with time,

Hurl back men’s hatred, and be stung to crime?

What charm has life for thee, predestin’d heir

To shame, contempt, privation, sorrow, care?—

And then the judgment:—in thy path are thrown

Temptations strong to bend a heart of stone,

And thou frail vessel form’d of potter’s clay

Must yield and fall:—ah! could’st thou die to-day!!

I cannot school thee, poor, betray’d, and left

To want and ignorance—to guilt and theft:—

Hunger and cold must rock thy cradle now,—

Toil ill-repayed must sweat thy manly brow.

As yet no sin has stain'd thy guileless heart ;
 As yet no grief has caus'd one tear to start.—
 Ne'er shall thy curse a mother's love repay,—
 The breath I gave thee soon must fleet away !—
 Forgive me Heav'n ! nay, guide my pitying knife,
 And spare one wretch th' unhappiness of life !”

The blow is struck—the murd'rous stream is spilt—
 With her own blood the mother's wrists are gilt.
 She sees grim Justice track her to her lair,
 Yet flies she not, nor deigns th' appealing pray'r ;
 She hears the shout for vengeance on the gale,
 Her breast heaves only, and her cheek turns pale :
 One thought she wafts to Islip's peaceful plain,
 To him whose smile must ne'er be her's again ;
 The rest are hoarded for his guiltier head,
 Through whom her heart is rent—her hand is red.
His was the fault that led to crime like this,
 When his false lip first gave the Judas kiss ;

*He struck the blow, when first he basely thrust
 Shame's landmark down to sate his selfish lust ;
 He edged the dagger, when by Charwell's wave
 He sung so lightly o'er the all she gave.
 Spoiler, yet coward ! in safety doubly mean !
 First to aggress, thyself the first to screen,
 Boast of thy baseness, dare proclaim aloud
 Thy glorious triumphs to instruct the crowd ;
 So may just vengeance light where crime begins,
 Nor smite the victim for the traitor's sins !*

*And where was William ? Hath he too from far
 Heard the storm rise, which whelm'd his pilot star,
 And seen the jailor, like pollution, clutch
 That arm it once seem'd more than heav'n to touch ?
 Yes, he hath heard it. As he roam'd it o'er,
 The odious beanfield charm'd his sense no more ;
 The flush of health forsook his manly cheek,
 And the tear trickled for his heart was weak.*

Weak ! call it rather strength—such strength as
rolls

The stars in heav'n, and binds the comets' poles ;
Strength not less strong, than nerved the pious
pride

Of God's own martyrs, when they smiled and died ;
Strength, such as grasps eternity, and bends
Time, space, death, sorrow to its hope's proud ends.
Still could he love her ? Yes, though others scorn :
He haunted yet that seat beneath the thorn,
Lov'd her thro' all the shame, thro' all the ill,
Thro' all the guilt he lov'd—he bless'd her still :
There to that spot, sweet chronicle of years,
Of holy mem'ries, and impassioned tears,
There would he steal, when day's long toil was
done,
And raise his voice on high at set of sun.

“ If pray’rs may move thee—for thy ways are
hid,—

Oh ! spare her Heav’n !—she knew not what she did.

The viper stung, yet could not all impart

His rankling venom to her gentle heart ;

Still some bright drops, some rainbow dew must

stay

And like a halo smile round hope’s decay.

Spare her to live, and yet repent below ;

The fault sprung not from wickedness but woe :

Oh ! if weak men *must* suffer when they err,

Make me the victim !—hoard thy smiles for her !”

Who comes ?—But ’ere the stranger’s words
were sped,

He rent the signet from the scroll, and read :—

“ If on my knees, within my prison cell,

I yet may touch one heart, that lov’d me well,—

If it some slight atonement may appear
 For all my crimes to pine with felons here ;—
 With still some traits of virtue left, to live
 'Mongst those, whose breasts no kindred sparks
 can give

And feel as would a spirit doom'd to dwell,
 Not wholly harden'd, 'mid the damn'd in hell,
 Pity me, William ! None can harshlier try,
 None more condemn my wickedness than I ;
 Yet would I have you pity me, nor think
 I am all evil—for my heart would sink.

“ Oh ! bitterest far of all the dreary line
 Of woes attendant on a course like mine,
 To love in truth and deed ! Inur'd so long
 To feign the smile, to court with flattery's tongue
 So steep'd in wiles, and wedded to deceit,
 That each profession passes for a cheat ;

To fear at last, that ev'n the scalding tear
 Which wrings the bosom may not seem sincere,
 And just suspicion in each tender line
 May tax the motive, and impute design !
 This is the wanton's curse.—Let such not be,
 Oh ! let not, William, such be judged on me !
 I die to-morrow, could my heart but know
 Thou think'st I love thee, welcome were the blow !
 Strange shapes of terror flit across my brain ;
 There frowns the gibbet, here resounds the chain
 The clank, the scoff, the taunt, the ribald jest,—
 In leaving thee, I well deserved the rest.
 Oh ! had I seen thy features when he smil'd,
 Instead of *his*—I had not slain my child !”

No more he reads—his steps are with the wind,
 He flies—he leaves the falcon's course behind :
 Breathless with haste, he wins the prison gate—
 He seeks her cell—but ah ! he comes too late.

Spar'd the worst pang, it was not her's to hear
 The hooting screech, the execrating jeer,
 The brutal yell the vile delight to fling
 In heartless triumph o'er some viler thing :
 Her o'erwrought spirit was not so to part,
 And her rack'd feelings spar'd the hangman's art.—
 She died in ignominy—she went down
 With all the martyr's pains, without his crown,
 Unwept, revil'd, yet robbed of that pure gem,
 Which soothes and decks such thorny diadem,—
 Her name a bye-word, and her guilty bier
 A mark to point scorn's finger at, and sneer !

But he, the spoiler, did he too partake
 Her pangs, who sinn'd, who suffered for his sake ?
 Eternal Judge ! mysterious are thy ways ;
 And bow'd to dust, men wonder while they praise.
 He, gaily speeding on his cold career,
 Blythe as the hound that tracks the gentle deer,

Thrice told the tale which once so well deceiv'd,
 Still lied again, and was again believ'd.
 Heap'd up fresh victims to his heartless lust,
 And mock'd the thought that Heav'n defends the
 just.

Yet was there one, who ev'n 'mid scenes like
 these,

Question'd not God, nor blam'd his high decrees,
 But bow'd the head, and gazed on realms above,
 Where poor men rest, and widow'd hearts may love.
 And where his Mary slept, he often stray'd
 As in rapt commune with her pensive shade :
 There rustic graves were loosely scatter'd round—
 The shapeless stone—the unmemorial'd mound,—
 But none like hers was green with culture's care,
 An unknown hand had planted roses there.

END OF PART IV.

OXFORD IN 1834,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART THE FIFTH.

ON THE ADMISSION OF DISSENTERS,

AND ON

THE CHARACTER

OF

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

SECOND EDITION.

[Price One Shilling.]

LITERARY NOTICES

OF

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OF

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"Some weeks since we noticed the first part of this biting satire. The continuation is written with much more spirit, and the poetry is greatly superior. * * * We shall give some extracts from the third part of this 'New Oxford Spy' in our next paper." * * *—*Oxford University Herald*, June 7, on Part II.

BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

A Satire.

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY ; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY ;

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MDCCCXXXIV.



BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

&c. &c.

PART V.

..... "Heu! quanto sæpius ista
Religio peperit scelerata, atque impia facta!"—LUCRETIUS.

Christians have burn'd each other, quite persuaded
That all th' Apostles would have done as they did.—DON JUAN.

WHEN Philip's son, in all a monarch's pride,
With tempting boons approach'd the barrel's side,
Full in the sun his glitt'ring trains display'd,
And sought to eumber with officious aid,

The Cynic sneered, and only begged in spite
 The free enjoyment of the beams of light.
 Such were the humble prayer, the meek request
 That Oxford's sons might ask their tyrants
 best ;

The full out-pouring on their blinded youth
 Of Nature's sunbeams, and the light of truth,
 Rest from the burking systems of the sect,
 Who kill with care more fatal than neglect,
 Who twist with force unnatural aside
 The straight young branches in their heaven-ward
 pride,

With culture spoil what else would flourish wild,
 And rock the cradle till they bruise the child.

Hail ! dawning Liberty ! Best blessing lent
 By hours new lighted in their bright descent
 To earth from heaven !—Awakened mortals greet
 Th' advancing music of thy fairy feet,

And deck with flowers thy altar.—Not for thee
 The purple pageant, or the cushioned knee,
 Nor mitred Pride, nor robed Injustice wait
 To thrust the sinner from his Saviour's gate ;—
 For thee no priest-craft cries—to us are given
 The wand of wisdom, and the keys of heaven,
 To us alone the power to teach and save,
 To mend life's errors, and to gild the grave ;—
 For thee no bigots drug their selfish laws,
 With scorn for others building self-applause ;
 No proud usurper's arbitrary frown
 Darkens heaven's gates, and spurns a brother
 down ;
 —But all is Love before thee—Hope's glad
 eye,
 And hand in hand with Faith soft Charity,
 And round thy banner, as their ranks increase,
 Thy armies bear the panoply of peace.

Once more, hail Freedom!—could thy breath
 inspire

One quivering murmur of thy vot'ry's lyre,
 'Twere not all useless to have tuned such strain,
 Nor prayers were poured, nor favours felt in vain!

Yet not in hampering systems close restraint,
 In which such fires no sooner blaze than faint,
 Nor 'mid the soil which Oxford's pomp supplies
 Can Genius thrive, or Piety arise.

'Tis not in schools, where Aristotle's page,*
 Though great his praise, excludes each recent
 sage,

* The system of Oxford has undergone but little change during the last 1000 years. Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, says, " I was born in the beautiful city of London, educated in letters at Westminster, from whence I was sent to study at Oxford, when I made great progress in *the Aristotelian philosophy*, and became well acquainted with the rhetoric of Cicero."

As if Spinoza, Bacon, Locke, Voltaire,
 Helvetius, Bentham, ne'er had breathed the
 air;—

'Tis not in chapels where the bellows pant
 As the strained organ roars the changeless
 chaunt,
 Or the hack chaplain dozes, as he reads
 With twang mechanical the galloped creeds;
 'Tis not in scenes like these, that minds extend
 Their powers of thought or weigh their beings
 end.

To prayer, to prayer!—when belfries startle here
 With sounds unwelcome sloth's reluctant ear,
 No bending crowds with instant homage kneel
 Rapt in the trance of Faith's extatic zeal:
 Oxford in vain her tolling tempest showers
 With iron voices from a hundred towers.

In vain o'er hill and valley mighty Tom
 With mouth monastic swings the loud bim bom*
 From that strange pile, whose founder had done well
 To hang the builder when he hung the bell,
 A splendid error and a grand desight,
 Grotesquely Gothic, blunderingly bright;—
 Vain is such summons, since before the fire
 The lazy senior hears the chime expire,
 Content in Common Room to lounge at rest,
 And crack by turns his walnuts and his jest;
 While surpliced scholars, as if souls were driven
 To bliss by force and bullied into heaven,†

* In allusion to the old inscription on the great bell,

“ In Thomæ Laude, resono

Bim Bom sine fraude.”

The architecture of its campanille reflects no credit on Sir Christopher Wren.

† It does not appear that this perpetual Chapel-going was the

Rush to the farce, as Dean or Censor leads,
 To count in haste their worse than ros'ry beads—
 Perchance to while the time with some lewd
 theme,
 To sketch in prayer-books, or at best to dream,
 And know that while in chapel, no one cares
 How ill or little they may say their prayers.
 Three things of old were taught to Persia's youth—
 To shoot the dart, to ride, and love the truth ;
 And Oxford's sons, too, ride like young Ducrows,
 Like Spartans shoot,—but with much *longer* bows—
 Then for the last best lesson of the three
 Our modern tutors teach hypocrisy.

original practice—see for example the statutes of Balliol College,
 as first promulged. The scholars were to attend divine service on
 Sundays, and principal festivals, and also to hear sermons on those
 days, unless urgent occasions diverted them.

But see St. Mary's spire — there rings at
least

The weekly wisdom of the rhetor priest,
And reason swelled to eloquence may raise
The coldest bosom to the glow of praise.
Alas! our age no Luther's glory boasts,
The modern pillars of the Church are posts;
Strong were his Papin stomach who can live
On such dry morsels as their sermons give;
Like rat-bane some with poison seem imbued,—
Others are indigestible, and crude;
These like emetics cause the bile to rise,
Like opiates these oppress their hearers' eyes;
Tho' if some modern Eutychus should feel
Their pulpit poppy-juice his senses steal,
(As oft I've seen with nod fraternal bend
Barnes's grave brows, as draws some prosy friend;

Till Vic'ry's discords jarring on his snore
 Like the last trump proclaimed his slumber o'er,
 Our piqued Apostles, should he chance to fall,
 Were scarce so prompt to pardon as St. Paul.
 Or Bampton Lecturers leadenly recast
 The long-spent bullets shot in ages past,
 Like Quixote brave, against his fancied foes,
 Combat imagined sects in turgid prose,
 Or disprove errors long acknowledged vain,
 Like drunken Philip, slaughtering the slain.

Out on such drones! 'Tis well for them, indeed,
 To scorn a Chalmers' preaching or his creed,
 Like carrion flies buzz round a Priestley dead,
 And dare to trample where they scarce should
 tread.

'Tis well the lance at Papists heads, to tilt
 From walls a Wykham or a Waynfleet built,

And threaten, should they rise to earth again,
 To drive their founders from their own domain.
 'Tis well in church their eyes on heaven to fix
 For Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics,
 Call them their brothers, pray to see enrolled
 Such scattered stragglers in one Christian fold ;
 If rallying forth, they in their acts applaud
 The rage of Bonner, and the pride of Laud,
 Pronounce them dogs, pour out their hoarded
 spleen,
 And spit upon their Gentile gaberdine.
 " Degrees for Methodists !" old Magnus cries,
 " What! open Oxford's gates to common spies!
 Let straight-haired Puritans behind the baize,
 To turn their eyes up at our Green-room ways!
 Let scholars battle who can cast accounts,
 And waken conscience to surcharged amounts?

Fie on Lord Grey ! Pray God these Whigs may
fall !

They've no religious principles at all."—

—"Admit Dissenters ! Frightful !" lisps my dear,

"What ! bring those vulgar working people here !

Some low born grocer, or some mercer saint,

To rob my Johnny's honours ! I shall faint !—"

—"The Church in danger !" shouts the cassocked
crowd ;

"The Church in danger !" echoes long and loud—

Portentous spell-world ! at whose direful notes

Even loaves and fishes stick in reverend throats,

Bristles the hair on every Bishop's wig,*

And hands let fall the tributary pig.

Danger forsooth !—oh ! could their necks but bow,

The danger ne'er had been so small as now :

* Preternatural of course, like the prodigies before Cæsar's death, &c.—

The kiss is proffered, they withhold the cheek :—
 The hand is stretched, they spurn it in their pique :—
 'Tis they whose pride will cause the ills that flow,
 Who feed the snakes of Discord as they grow,
 Till last their terror vainly will retract,
 And mourn too late the suicidal act.

Yes, e'en already sets the public tide
 With headlong force no common hand may guide :
 In vain smooth Bloomfield winds with serpent sense
 The slippery mazes of oblique defence,
 And turns that mind to frame a kingdom's rules,
 Which once wrote grammars for the use of schools ;
 In vain dame Phillpotts* quotes, while Eldon cheers,
 Verbose hexameters to wondering peers,

* See the Bishop of Exeter's speech on the 21st April, and his explanation of the Oath at Matriculation, which drew down the justly indignant reply of the Lord Chancellor :—

“ This practice ” (of taking the oath of matriculation) “ had

With shameless bronze supplies his want of tact,
 And boldly blundering stumbles into fact.
 Well may poor Oxford cry when *he* defends,
 With hands uplifted, save me from my friends !
 Prelates may rant their worst—pronounce the ban
 Of all their bench against the martyred clan,
 Out-Herod Herod in the war they wage,
 And rave with all the impotence of rage ;

been called ridiculous, and it was represented as a solemn mockery to require youths of 16 to subscribe to articles, on which the most learned persons differed. He admitted there might be some grounds for that censure, if the subscription signified that the party signing fully understood the articles, and professed to believe them on examination—but it meant no such thing—it was simply tantamount to a declaration that the subscribers were members of the Church of England” (The Lord Chancellor here exclaimed “Indeed !”)—The right reverend prelate proceeded as follows—“They were afterwards instructed in the thirty-nine articles, because it was proper they should be taught the grounds on which those things rested, which they had already professed themselves willing to believe true, &c.”

Burton himself may let his bull-dogs loose,
 And head the breakers of the Christian truce ;
 So, like the cur, whose dainty carcase lay
 Cushioned prebendally on heaps of hay,
 Too nice to eat, too selfish to allow
 One fragrant mouthful to the famished cow,
 Their jealous pride fit punishment will meet,
 And their dark purpose tempt its own defeat,
 Then the scorned exiles shall go forth to grace,
 As once fair Venice rose, some happier place,
 And bid the chartered towers of London shine,*
 With nobler fires, and boast a mightier line.

Supping one night at Offley's—for in days
 Of boyish lark, I walked those wicked ways—

* See the admirably turned speech of the Lord Chancellor, in the debate on the presentation of a petition from Cambridge, by the duke of Gloucester, against the admission of Dissenters—in which he takes excellent advantage of the Duke's expressed wish that some other places might be provided for the education of Dissenters, by

And oft a fable's incident may teach,
 When reason tires with illustrative speech,
 I found a regiment of half-pints arrayed
 Round the fat paunches of a clique of trade,
 Chandlers and porkmen, who here played the
 lord,
 And swilled in glory round the central board ;
 Just as I turned to call a go of gin,
 I saw Jack Reeve, and Buckthorne saunter in :
 The topers squared their elbows—neared their
 chairs,
 And eyed the strangers with uncourteous stares.
 —“Sirs,”—said a tinman, reeking with the fume
 Of black Mundungus—“sorry there's no room.

proposing his tertium quid, (for which expression he very considerably apologises to their Lordships,) and arguing from thence the necessity of granting the power of conferring degrees to other bodies besides the two Universities.

This table's full"—and here he drew a puff
 Strong as a steam-boat's—"We have *snobs*
 enough."

"Just as your cit-ship pleases," cried Jack Reeve,
 "We'll call another table by your leave ;"

And sitting down he quietly began

To hum allusively "The op'lent Man."—

Buckthorne too passed his pun—the dazzled
 throng

Quick owned the joke, and listened to the song,

Then rising up to form a merrier ring

Round the new talents who could jest and sing,

Soon left the stupid smokers in the lurch—

—Like Oxford puffing praises to her Church.

Such is the vision of her future fate

If thus the Dowager still bars her gate,

If thus she turns her faithful friends to foes,

And rights withholding, justifies their blows ;

To sit like Niobe, a thing of stone—
 A childless mourner o'er her desert throne—
 Stripped of her church-rates—plundered of her
 stalls,
 Spoiled of her tythes—the Rachel of her halls.
 May heaven avert such ruin!—Even to-day
 I seem to hear the gathering thousands say,
 “Bring the black cattle! let them first atone,*
 The burning insults to our honour shewn!
 Let them be taught that others too can look
 On the dread records of that mystic Book,
 Can read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,
 And Heaven alone may judge who profits best.

* “Due nigros pecudes: ea prima piacula sunt.”

The merit of such application of the line, however, is not mine,
 but belongs to Dr. Lipscomb, Bishop of Jamaica, who quoted it
 one night as applicable to Church-Reform, in New College Common
 Room.

'Tis true our Whitfield's learning once supplied
 To Pembroke's gloom a lustre since denied ;
 'Tis true our Wesley shines the brightest name,
 On Lincoln's dingy register of fame :
 But we—their flock—the children of their prayers,
 Robbed of their honours—but in pain their heirs,
 Not held forsooth as worthy to undo,
 The sacred latchet of a churchman's shoe,
 Are spurned,—rejected—told we must not stain
 The pure, chaste precincts of their Oxford fane.
 And why ? Because we will not meanly stoop
 To play th' impostor, or affect the dupe :
 Since we refuse to truck our souls away
 By mocking oaths for baubles of a day,
 Or swear to childish statutes only made,
 Like frowns coquetish, to be disobeyed.
 Since darkly soaring, crookedly sublime,
 We bravely scorn their wond'rous stairs to climb—

Those forty steps, save one, built up on high
 To make men's passage surer to the sky,
 Like Babel piled with too presumptuous view,
 Like Babel doomed to end in jargon too."

Hush ! bold accusers !—Let such accents cease,
 And plead for justice in the phrase of peace ;
 Come in such guise as holy pilgrims wear,
 Stretch the white wand, nor even yet despair.
 If haply still the frowning Queen may bend
 And own it honour to salute you friend,
 As late when Science shed one transient smile
 Of kindlier sunshine on her palace pile,
 And peaceful Dalton* dignified her gown
 In virgin contact with the garb of brown.

* In 1832, when the meeting of savans took place at Oxford, Dalton, the venerable Quaker, a chymist, was presented to an honorary degree.

In ruder days, 'ere Oxford's shades could
boast

The public chamber for the boozing toast,*
Or saw each teeming Inn, and studious Hall
Pulled down to lodge some portly principal,†
A milder spirit through her doctrines ran,
And distant nations sent the student clan ;‡

* "It does not appear," says Ackerman, "that the social apartment, called a Common Room, was contemplated in the plans of the original Founders of Colleges."

† The halls in Oxford once, according to Antony Wood, were above 300, the house of the Principal of B. N. C. stands on the site of Haberdashers Hall.

‡ It does not, however, appear that these strangers were matriculated, still it was to the honour of the University that her halls were formerly crowded with swarms of young students from foreign countries. At present where are we to look for them? And why do they not come? Simply because there is nothing to be learnt. One solitary instance may indeed be remembered in modern times, in the person of the Prince of Orange—and it would perhaps be a curious speculation to consider how far the

Then Calvin's sect, and Luther's tribe agreed
 To share their studies, though diverse their creed,
 Their varied hosts partook one common fare,
 And wondering strangers thronged to Prideaux'
 chair.*

And e'en in later times, some lingering rays
 Of thought unfettered marked our grandsires' days;
 And in sloth's very temple sprung up lights
 To teach men freedom, and define their rights :
 When Blackstone broke with vulgar parchment
 scrolls

The chartered languors of polite All-Souls ;†

settlement of the Belgian question, and of Europe, may not have been impeded by the doses of divine right, and similar doctrines, administered to him formerly at Oxford.

* A list is given by A. Wood of foreign students who resorted to the lectures of Prideaux, Head of Exeter College, and Professor of Divinity.

† The fellows of All-Souls are, it is said, required by their statutes to be *bene nati*, *bene vestiti*, and *mediocriter docti*.

And in the shades where Wykham's sons
repose*

Crowe tuned the lyre, and Bathurst's goodness
rose.

But now no longer Independence laves
Her unbound tresses in fair Isis' waves ;
A Tory Goddess has usurped her throne,
And Powell's† prayer is heard almost alone.
Stern Oriel now would shut her gates on
Prynne,
And Merton dons scarce let their Wycliffe in;

* Why do not the men of New College throw up their now absurd *privilege*, and go into the schools? They would then insure an impartial, because a public tribunal, and the ambitious of such honours might have a chance of distinction. At present they can gain no credit by the best display, and they have no security against the abuse of power, owing to the secret nature of their examination.

† The Rev. Baden Powell, Professor of Geometry, is distinguished, almost singly, by open advocacy of the Dissenters' claims.

While Madgalen's sons complete the list of shame
 And love Sacheverell's more than Hampden's
 name.

Long have I mourned the chaste Aonian maids
 Debauched and outraged in these classic shades,
 And seen their sons, to twofold shame a prey,
 Repose in sloth, or only toil for pay.
 But now a deadlier ill unveils its face,
 A fatal danger, and a new disgrace ;
 And scar'd Religion on yon turret's height
 Waves her dove-pinion and prepares for flight.
 Once more Intolerance asserts his sway,
 And with dark pinion blots the dome of day ;
 Once more stern Bigotry almost prepares
 The stake, but threatens louder than she dares,
 And Balliol longs to light one faggot more
 Where Ridley's murder scorched her walls
 before.

And thou too Cambridge! though thou
seem'dst awhile

To mould thy features to a gentler smile,
True twin-born sister, dost thou too repent
Thy softer bearing to oppressed Dissent?
Hast thou too hymned thy measures o'er again
And changed thy reed-pipe for the trumpet's
strain;

Strange! there are mortals who can wake and
sleep,

Nor cast one thought on all the goods they reap,
Whose thankless breasts in apathy receive
The breath of morning, and the balm of eve,
Nor think his burden light, whose yoke
demands

No gift but prayers and praises at their hands!
But stranger far, that men who kneel and pray,
Who pour out praises, and do bless the day,

Who do feel raptures of untold delight
Rained from the starry silence of the night,
Should yet with drivelling feuds like these pursue
Their brother men, who own such feelings too,
That they should dare to gaze on that deep sky
Which cries eternally, proud men must die,
And think to judge their fellow worms is just,
Who sin, and sigh, and sink into the dust !
That they can bend to print the grassy sod
In mute prostration to Creation's God,
Then turn to dabble in the mire that stinks,
In the foul reeking of Ambition's sinks.
Oh ! ever sweet, when o'er our bosoms steal,
Such holy thoughts as virtue loves to feel ;
Through the still vastness of the clear blue air,
To gaze on heaven, and find our Father there,
The turf's fresh fragrance with full hearts to press,
And ask his blessing, who alone can bless.

Far sweeter thus, to kneel where Nature smiles,
 Than crowd with Fashion's swarm to gorgeous
 piles,

Where hired hosannas coldly hymn his praise
 And reverend mockers mouth the formal phrase.
 I love not well the Sabbath of the town,
 Where courtly Folly flaunts in silken gown,
 Where meek Religion swells in stiff parade,
 And sing-song cant is payed for as a trade ;
 As if the sculptured stone, the ceiling's die,
 Could lure heaven's Monarch from his throne on
 high,

Or all the littleness of mortals might
 Were grateful incense to their Maker's sight.
 Dearer to me in some sequestered dell
 The voiceless fervour, and the musing spell,—
 The tears that turn to gladness as they roll,—
 Th' unuttered hymn—the music of the soul.

Beneath, fair flowers that fringe the chrystal
 stream,

The mead's live joyance in the summer's beam,*—

Around, tall trees that murmur to the gale,

And golden harvests ripe o'er hill and dale,—

Above, the glorious heavens—the boundless air—

These are my temple, and be this my prayer !

“ Maker of earth and heaven, whose mercy knows

My sins, my wants, my weakness and my woes,

Teach me forgiveness while with men I live,

And when I cease to trespass, oh !—forgive !”

* This does not half express the “ pretorum viva voluptas” of
 Lucretius.

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